O a pit of clay for to be made .
for ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ha. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawier? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his caſes, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this mad knave now to knocke him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhovell, and will not tell him of his actions of battery? hum: this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes, his recogniſances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes and doubles, than the length and bredth of a paire of Indentures? the very conveiances of his land will ſcarcely lye in this boxe, and muſt th'inheritor himſelfe have no more? ha?

Hora. Not a jot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-skins?

Hor. I my Lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are ſheep and calves which ſeeke out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeake to this fellow: Whoſe grave's this ſirrah?

Clow. Mine ſir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it's thine indeed, for thou lyeſt in't.

Clow. You lye out on't ſir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part I doe not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't, to be in't and ſay it is thine, 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeſt.

Clow. 'Tis a quicke lye ſir, 'twill againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doeſt thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man ſir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman ſir, but reſt her ſoule, ſhee's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is, we muſt ſpeake by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord *Horatio* this 3. yeeres I have took note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peſant comes ſo neere the heele of the Courtier, he galls his kibe. How long haſt thou been a Grave-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yeare I came to't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbraſſe*.

Ham.

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fooſe can tell that; it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that is mad and ſent into *England*.

Ham. I marry, why was he ſent into *England*?

Clow. Why? becauſe a was mad, a ſhall recover his wits there, or if a doe not 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be ſeen in him there, there are men as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clow Faith een with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmarke*: I have bin Sexton here man and boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lye i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before he dye, as wee have many pocky coarſes that will ſcarce hold the laying in, a will laſt you ſome eight yeere, or nine yeere; a Tanner will laſt you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clow. Why ſir his hide is ſo tan'd with his trade, that a will keep out water a great while, and your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body: here's a skull now hath lyen you i'th earth (23. yeares.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clo A whorſon mad fellows it was, whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue, a pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once; this ſame skull ſir, was ſir *Yorickes* skull the Kings Jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ha. Alas poor *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his backe a thouſand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is? my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips that I have kiſt I know not how oft: where bee your jibes now, your gamboles, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a

 roare?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22279) LONDON, 1637 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.5) Octavo